

PITTSBURGH SAGA

BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT, BOUQUET'S VICTORY

1748-1764

Sonnets and Lyrics

by

MARIE TELLO PHILLIPS



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- Greetings From Father Pitt*
A Brochure
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- Marie Tello Phillips' Book of Verses*
Clark & Fritts, New York 1922

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- More Truth Than Poetry*
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- Verses and Stories for Children by Manly Tello
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First Edition

DEDICATED
TO MY DEAR SISTERS,
HORTENSE TELLO DAVIS
AND
EULALIE TELLO SANKEY

Preface



TO MARY — AGED SEVEN DAYS*

Bright as the morn that heralded thy birth,
So bright may all thy life be, little Fairy!
And thou shalt bear the prettiest name on earth—
All hail! sweet, infant Mary!

Come, tell me, is there truth in Wordsworth's story
Of faith in poets, I am somewhat chary,
That babies trail behind them "clouds of glory?"
Dost thou, oh, tiny Mary?

Clouds I have sometimes seen on baby faces,
Mostly when teething made them feel contrary,
But of the glory I could find no traces—
Don't be offended, Mary!

Is it not nobler to be bravely striving
Onward and upward, with slow steps and wary,
Than, from the Gods our origin deriving,
Be slowly thinking, Mary?

A glorious womanhood, true, strong and tender;
A sparkling wit, with fancy bright and airy;
A grace to which all hearts will homage render—
May these be thine, sweet Mary!

by Manly Tello

* Marie Tello Phillips' father, 1842-1905. Confederate Captain, lawyer, Newspaper publisher and editor.

MARIE TELLO PHILLIPS

Biographies: *Who's Who*; *Marquis' National, International and Authors*; *American Catholic (Romig's)*; *Poetry and the Play*; *Some Personalities of Today*; Channing Press, London; *Poetry Review*, London; *The Step Ladder*; *The National Encyclopedia of American Biography*, vol. C; *American States*; *Poems of all Nations*; *Among American Authors*, vol. IV; *American Women*, 1935-1936; *Who's Who Abroad*; *Eminent American Poets*; *Contemporary American Poets*; *Pennsylvania Gallery of Catholic Writers*; *Galleon*; *Hyacinth Ring-rose International*; etc.

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Edited Monthly Literary Review: *Congress Outlet*, 1920-1930; *The Mirror* of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, 1928-1931; *The Catholic Observer* of Western Pennsylvania, 1929-1935; contributor to: Miami, Florida, *Daily News* column, "Books of the Hour," 1935-1939; *Daily Tribune*, Dubuque, Iowa; *Josephinum Weekly*, "Bookshelf," Columbus, Ohio; associate editor: *American Poetry Magazine*; *Short Stories*: Mitre Press, London; and several other poetry magazines.

CONTENTS

PITTSBURGH SAGA	3
BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT	10
BOUQUET'S VICTORY	21

Sonnets

AFTER THE STORM	23
BOOKFELLOW FRIENDS	24
CAPE FLORA	24
COME ALL YE FAITHFUL	25
CONFIDENTIALLY	25
DEAR LITTLE NUN	26
I MISS YOU	26
IN THE GARDEN OF MY HEART	27
JUNE ROSES	27
LATE CHRYSANTHEMUMS	28
MEMORIES	28
MY SANCTUARY	29
UNBOUND	29
PITTSBURGH	30
THE ATOM'S MIGHT	31
THE CROSS OF PEACE	31
THE DOOR OF DAWN	32
THE HOUNDS OF HEAVEN ARE BAYING	32
THE TRAIL THAT MEETS THE SKY	33
THE VACANT MANSION	33
WINGS, SOMEDAY	34
YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN	34

Lyrics

COCO	35
FOR A DAY	35
HE SENT ME DAISIES	36
I DREAMED	36
JUST ONE OF HIM	37
ONE LITTLE WORD	37
THE POET	38

UNSEEN	38
AS BUD TO LEAF AGAIN	39
AT THE CAPE	40
HE COULD PROPHECY	41
I SPY	42
MY CHERRY TREE	43
IN KOREA	44
SEASCAPES	45
THE SULTAN'S JEST	46
WHEN SUMMER WAS GONE	47
WHIPS OF DESTINY	48

Song Lyrics

COME WITH ME TO THE LAND	49
DEARLY BELOVED	50
GOING HOME	51
HE IS RISEN, CHRIST IS KING!	52
I LOVE MY PENNSYLVANIA STATE	53
I PRAY TO GOD	54
LONELY HOMING ALL ALONE	55
ONLY TONIGHT	56
STEP SOFTLY, MY LOVE	57
THE BELLS OF HOMELAND	57
WATCH WITH ME	58
WHEN EVENING COMES	58

Blank Verse

MOONLIGHT ON HYANNIS BAY	59
PEACE ON EARTH GOOD WILL TO MEN	60

Free Verse

IT WAS V-E DAY ON OKINAWA	61
ON PITTSBURGH HILLS	62
THERE ARE TEARS IN YOUR EYES	63
THE SET OF THE SAILS	64
THE WATCHMAN IN HIS TOWER	65
THE WORLD GOES BY	66

Shelley Cinquain

SORROW	67
------------------	----

Hokkus

THREE SCORE AND TEN	68
THE MEAGER VINE	68
THE CHERRY TREE	68
THE PRIMROSE PATH	68
HIDDEN ROSES	68

Quatrains

RELEASE	69
MEMORIES	69
COME WHERE CHERRIES GROW	69
IMMORTAL VICTORIES	69
A LITTLE WHILE	69
THE POET EVER SPEAKS HIS MIND	70
SPILT WINE	70
TIRED EYES THAT LOOK AWAY	70
LAMPS OF LABOR	70
POETRY	70

Rispetto

THE WINGS OF THE SPIRIT	71
-----------------------------------	----

Sonnettes

BREASTING THE CURRENT	72
HOMeward	72

Rondeau

I WALK ALONE	73
------------------------	----

Triolet

REMEMBER, STEP SOFTLY	74
---------------------------------	----

PITTSBURGH SAGA,
BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT AND
BOUQUET'S VICTORY

PITTSBURGH SAGA
BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT AND
BOUQUET'S VICTORY
1748-1764
(*In Polyphonic Prose*)

PITTSBURGH SAGA
(1748-1951)

Where dogwood drifted on the stairways to the sky
among the sycamores and oaks in virgin wood,
the violet and laurel traced embroidery
upon the green that carpeted the valley floor
where Fort Pitt stood.

Ten thousand candles burn to light the Pittsburgh night
for the valiant pioneers of many years ago.

They built the Iron City there upon the sloping hills
where the Allegheny and the Monongahela flow
into the Ohio.

In 1748, swift-moving Allegheny and slow Monongahela
pursued their silent ways between their banks of green,
rising in virgin forests of the lordly oak and hemlock,
the hickory, beech and maple, sycamore and walnut.

They grew in the valley,
which was carpeted by wild flowers
that make this lovely land
nature's most luxuriant garden.

The deer wandered through the woodlands,
the bear and wildcat prowled,
raccoon and squirrel played,
and bird called to bird among the trees.

Wild turkeys were numerous,
and buffalos roamed the land.

The Indian-tracks of moccasins
marked the countless trails
that crossed and recrossed the plains for many miles.

This was the homeland of the Delawares, the Shawnees,
the Cherokees and Chippewas,
all, subject to the Iroquois—

a federation of Six Nations
who dominated the others.
East, West, North, South,
they made the trails, still used today.
Bedecked with paint, and armed with tomahawks,
they followed the warpath.
The French sent the *coureur du bois*
to explore southward.
His suavity and tact won friends
as he ranged the frontier.
He sometimes married a squaw,
and raised a family in the wilderness.
From the East came English traders and woodsmen,
who penetrated westward,
buying land from the Indians.
The time came when these forces met and clashed.
Here, where the land was free for all,
two mighty forces strove to drive each other out:
The French allied with the Hurons and Shawnees
against the victorious English allied with the Iroquois.
Mt. Washington in majesty looked westward on the scene
to wait the hour of industry to dominate the land . . .
The Monongahela hillside is lined by forge and mill.
Today ten thousand candles
light the archway to the skies,
where ten thousand chimneys
lift their clouds of rising steam.
The morning lights the drifts
that mount like windblown snow,
and evening drops her veils of flame and blue and gold.
The twilight lingers while the colors fade,
and night fires burn
to fuse the molten metal
for the commerce of the world . . .
In 1748, Laurence and Augustus,
brothers of George Washington,
and Thomas Lee, also a Virginian,
with Hanbury, a London merchant,
and eight other men organized the Ohio Company.

They procured from the English Crown
a grant of half a million acres,
conditioned on settling one hundred families
within seven years.

In 1750, the Ohio Company sent Christopher Gist,
a woodsman,
to explore from the Susquehanna River
to the Potomac,
and to map desirable sites for future settlements.

Gist returned after seven months
and advised the Ohio Company
to purchase the land they wished to settle,
by means of peaceful dealings with the Indian sachems.

Gist mapped a town on the site of McKee's Rocks
and Chartier's Creek.

Here Shingiss, king of the Delawares, lived.
Nearby, the French explorer, Henry Chartier,
had made a settlement.

In 1751, fighting broke out
between the French and the English.

La Salle, the great explorer,
in the name of King Louis of France,
laid claim to all the land west of the Alleghenies
to the Mississippi and its tributaries.

La Salle was followed up by the French *coureur du bois*.
These famous forest rangers took to the woods like natives.
They were the progenitors of the celebrated
and peculiar race of Canadian half-breeds and trappers.

The English made friends of the Iroquois,
the Six Nations
who met annually at Onondaga
to hold a council of chiefs.

The French under Captain Contrecoeur
drove the English from Chartier's Creek.
Border war ensued.

In those days, when a settler wanted to build a home,
the neighbors got together to help put up the cabin,
and choppers hauled the logs
to be hewed with a broadax.

The second day,
four corner-men notched and placed the logs.
plastering between them with chits of mortar.
Others raised timbers and laid floors
without nail or spike.
Some cut out windows, doors and chimneys.
The third day they leveled floors,
made beds, tables and stools.
Then the young couple took over,
and held a housewarming
for relatives and neighbors, dancing till morning.
Many woodsmen, dressed like Indians in hunting shirts
with long sleeves, breechclout, moccasins, cape,
and fringed leggings, showing the naked thighs.
A belt was used to hold a scalping knife and bag of shot.
The women wore kerchiefs on their heads,
moccasins on their feet,
and dresses and petticoats of linsey.
The chief foods were hog meat,
venison, bear, hominy, johnnycake,
pones for bread, mush and milk
or molasses and bear oil.
Wooden, iron and pewter utensils were used.

In 1753, Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia
sent Major Washington
with Gist and four Indian guides
to interview the French captain Joncaire at Venango.
Washington and Gist travelled
by way of the Cumberland Trail
to the Fords of the Allegheny at Turtle Creek.
Here Frazier, a trader, had a home in the wilderness;
it was a stopping place for pioneers.

Leaving Frazier's,
Washington reached the forks of the Ohio
at the junction
of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers.

Washington thought the point where they met
well situated for a fort,
with its command of the streams.

This was the first of three visits made by Washington
to the future site of Pittsburgh,
destined to be
the greatest industrial center of the world.

Washington noted the bluff,
twenty-five feet above the water,
was well-timbered with bottom-lands to build on.

The Ohio, a quarter of a mile wide at this point,
received the Allegheny from the northeast
and the Monongahela from the southeast.

Washington visited Shingiss,
sachem of the Delawares,
at Shannopins, three miles up the river,
near McKee's Rocks.

Scarooyaddy and other chiefs
met with the council at Logstown.

George Crogan, the Irish trader and woodsman,
joined them there.

His contact with the Indians
was of great help to the English.

The Delawares and Shawnees,
irked at the French encroachments
and their humiliation and subjugation by the Iroquois,
agreed to fight with the English against the French.

The French officer, Joncaire,
tried to entice the Indians with liquor;
but they followed Washington to French Creek,
now Waterford.

They met there, the one-eyed French officer,
de St. Pierre.
He declared
the French claimed all west of the Alleghenies
to the Mississippi River and its tributaries.

They planned to build a fort at the forks
to defend their claim.

The French general Contrecoeur
built Fort Duquesne in 1754
and later forced the surrender of Fort Necessity.
It had been erected
under the direction of Washington and Gist.
Contrecoeur left Beaujeu in command of Fort Duquesne
with a thousand soldiers, eighteen cannons,
three hundred canoes and sixty batteaux.
On the way back to Virginia
Washington was shot at by an Indian who missed fire.
Gist took him captive, sparing his life
at Washington's request.
Walking all night to outdistance the treacherous guide,
they reached the Allegheny near Shannopins.
Here they made a raft with one poor hatchet.
The river was jammed with ice,
and they all but sank and perished.
Poling against the rapidly moving stream of floating ice,
Washington was jerked into ten feet of icy water.
He survived by catching hold of the logs of the raft.
Gist's fingers and toes were frostbitten,
but by morning the ice had frozen,
and they were able to cross the river on foot,
and reach Frazier's house at Turtle Creek.
After waiting for horses, they rode through the forest
to the mouth of the Youghiogheny River,
to see Queen Alaquippa.
She was the mother of the Chiefs Fairfax and New Castle.
She was a tall, commanding woman
with the eye of an eagle.
Gist gave her a match-coat and bottle of rum
to cement their friendship with the Oneidas
of the Iroquois tribe.
Many of the braves were dignified and faithful.
When conquered, they were often debauched by liquor,
and became contaminated and unprincipled traders
degraded to vassalage by "firewater."
Abused and maltreated, they lost their pride and dignity;

but Chief Scaroooyaddy and some others kept faith
with the English.

Clashes between the French and English Settlers
were frequent.

English frontiersmen banded together
to oppose the French and Indians.

Panicstricken settlers moved back
beyond the Susquehanna,
leaving houses, stock and crops . . .

There would be no James H. Duff,
Governor of Pennsylvania,
if the family of his pioneer ancestors
had not escaped the Indian massacre of 1763.

John McIllduff, a settler of Export, Pennsylvania,
returning after the Battle of Bushy Run, Greensburg,
found his cabin and the homes of his scalped neighbors,
still smoldering,
and the dead lying on the ground.

He was thankful to find
that the Indians had not penetrated the thicket
where his wife and infant son were hidden.

He and this son, John Duff,
are buried in the Old Tent Graveyard
near the site of their burned cabin . . .

The Quakers, opposed to war and raising troops,
lethargic to tidings of burnings, slaughter and ruin,
sat supine in Philadelphia.

Settlers west of the Alleghenies were defenseless.
Pennsylvania and Virginia were left
to the mercy of the savage Indians and scouts
fighting for the French and English.

BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT

In 1755, an army of English, Irish and Scotch soldiers
was assembled under Major General Braddock,
Generalissimo of the King's troops in North America.
He was sixty years of age, and over forty years active
in military service with the famous Coldstream Guards.
He was personally brave, honest and loyal.
Washington blamed Braddock for his defeat,
but not more so than the other officers consulted.
The philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, from Philadelphia,
helped to get the horses and wagons for Braddock.
The first lot supplied by the farmers was useless,
but Franklin convinced the colonials that
they would be impressed into the army,
and their farms confiscated,
unless they supplied the needed conveyances . . .

At Fort Duquesne, runner after runner reported
the ominous size of Braddock's army . . .
Bridging ravines, crashing forests, wading morasses,
letting down mortars and cannons from craggy heights,
the army moved steadily on to Fort Duquesne
in a long line of artillery, tumbrils and wagons.
A single row of tents faced outward when encamped,
and a clearing was posted by guards in the center.

At Fort Duquesne, Beaujeu's Indians wanted to desert.
He tried to divert and hold them by various activities,
Braddock could then have easily taken Fort Duquesne.
One exciting speech from the medicine men, a keg of rum
would have turned the Indians into hellhounds—
a seething mass of pitiless, yelping, scalping demons,
sparing neither sex, age or condition.

Following the Cumberland Trail,
Braddock's army encamped beyond Turtle Creek,
with a long line of artillery, picketed by his men,
drawn up in the twelve-foot road.
In front of Braddock's tent, behind the light-horse,
were the wagons and rear-guard.

Only seven out of fifty Indians
mostly relatives of Scaroooyaddy,
were with Braddock's army of about
One thousand men, foot-sore, brave but weary.
Two more days and the Fort was to be taken.
Flankers slept and watched by turn.
All preparations were made for a grand military display.
They crossed the ford of the river, to avoid the valleys,
where the scar on the banks, may be seen today.
Braddock had invited Washington as his aide-de-camp.
He had been ill with fever for two weeks,
and had been following the army in a wagon.
Braddock had a just appreciation of Washington.
When he was ill, Braddock showed him every attention.
Washington was able to mount his horse,
by using a pillow, on the day of the ambushade . . .

On the night before the attack,
Sir Peter Halket, next to Braddock in command,
spoke of his Gallic belief in second sight.
He said, "As I walked under the oak trees,
a mist arose and broke into the shapes of ghosts.
"I saw a stream running thick with blood,
and on the banks, a throng of spectres walking.
"One of these was my son, the other, myself.
"*My weird is dreed and that of my bairn, James! . . .*"

Braddock's army recrossed the river at the second ford,
and fanned out for a dress parade—
targets for watching Indians—
with drums and martial music,
every man in clean apparel.

Burnished arms shone and glistened in the noonday sun;
joyful well-trained troops in scarlet and gold
marched and maneuvered like machinery,
for an hour in full view.

Anticipating a speedy occupation of the Fort,
they passed the second ford and re-formed at Frazier's.

Captain Langlade advised Beaujeu

to attack after the crossing of the river
while the English were at dinner,
and still had their napkins pinned on their coats.
(The yellow facings on the uniforms
were mistaken for napkins.)
Runners to Fort Duquesne reported:
"Braddock is coming by the Monongahela fords!
"Across the Turtle Creek:
"Prepare to attack!
"Tomorrow he will be before big gun-house!"
The Ottowas, Chippewas and Pottowatomies
had joined the French.
Captain Lionel de Beaujeu harangued them
with tales of the English,
saying they debauched the women,
and took the Indian hunting grounds.
The size of Braddock's army was greatly exaggerated.
The reports had demoralized the French Indians,
although the French kept up a brave front.
Pontiac's two hundred braves were at Fort Duquesne:
the Shawnees, Delawares and Iroquois,
led by Pukeshinwa, father of the famous Tecumseh.
The sachems held powwows that night under the trees.
Pontiac and Shingiss wanted to attack the English;
others decided it would be madness to attack.
Beaver said, "Not sure French are better than English.
"Where do Indian lands lay? Both claim our lands!"
But, when Beaujeu proposed an ambush,
the others consented—
that was Indian warfare—but old Beaver failed him.
He said: "Not wise for Onontis fight his own battles!"
Chiefs Pontiac, Shingiss and Blackhoof
chose the spot to ambush.
The Indians with faces freshly painted,
scalp-locks dressed,
all garments discarded but breechclouts,
were busy helping themselves to flints,
and powder from barrels rolled out of the fort.

All was ready at 11 o'clock,
after Confession and Communion.
Beaujeu, leading the Regulars, Canadians and Cadets
followed by the leaping, firing, whooping red devils,
departed for the ambush at the Turtle Creek Ford.

At Braddock's second fording below Turtle Creek,
three hundred gay videttes, engineers,
light-horse and pioneers,
and St. Claire's party with brass pounders,
tumbrils and tool carts
followed to cut and prepare the woods marked out,
with flanks of videttes to guard against surprise,
across the river and up the slope ascending the plain
against the wooded hills cut by concealed ravines.

They avoided the broad, deep ditches, some, twelve feet,
hidden by undergrowth hardly visible to this day.
It could conceal a thousand Indians.
Between two ravines, a twelve-foot road was open to fire
at a distance of sixty to seventy-two yards.

This was the spot chosen by the French and Indians,
the slaughter-pen mapped out for Braddock.
The ravines could not be seen during the combat.
The men and horses were mowed down
by a terrible unseen fire!

These peaceful fields, now country-seats of Pittsburgh,
were then covered with luxuriant forests,
vine-choked ravines, brush and undergrowth.

Long rows of deadly rifles rested on their edges,
deliberately sighted by hundreds of naked savages.

The narrow road was choked with officers and soldiers.
Had the French hunted for days, or dug great ditches,
they could not have had a better place for an attack.

Washington, still weak from fever,
sprang upon his powerful roan
and spurred along under the trees
by the side of the road choked with men and artillery.

Reaching the plain, the firing was straight ahead of him.
Officers huddled in groups;
some took to trees on either side.

Gage's advance doubled back
on St. Claire's working soldiers.
All was confusion!
At the river bluff, Washington directed the fording
of the remaining soldiers, wagons, artillery and cattle.
The air was cut by the rapid, continuous crack of rifles.

"My God, Major," cried Braddock,
as he leaped to his horse,
"the advance is attacked, and sharply, too!"
Rapid commands followed: "Mount and report!
"Throw out flankers!
"Hurry forward!
"Quick step!"
Flashes of fire and shadowy forms of Indians and French
could be seen gliding from tree to tree.
The crack of rifles, and the noise of muskets,
the piercing yells of the savages
drowned all commands.
Filing though the woods,
and working around in a semicircle,
a gaily dressed officer
led the French and Indians on the run.
When within musket shot, he stopped short in his tracks,
waved his plumed hat above his head,
and stretched his arms wide.
The pack of red devils scattered to left and right,
crouched down, behind tree trunks and shrubs,
until they were completely hidden.
Not a red hide nor painted head was to be seen,
but their pitiless bullets rained upon the foe
amid horrible whoops and screeching.

Braddock's horse leaped into the road,
and was instantly struck by a bullet, and fell,
throwing the General violently to the ground.
Infuriated, staggering to his feet, sword in hand,
he stormed with rage, and by God above, he swore
to cut down the first soldier, British or American,
that skulked behind a tree.

A bullet went through the lapel of Washington's coat.
Braddock rushed forward with the gunners,
meeting Washington on the brow of the hill.
Gage's cannon roared!
Pouring a hot fire of grape and musketry
upon the unseen enemy,
his carefully drilled veterans fired into the trees.
Rushed by the foe on both flanks,
his shattered columns broke! His advance gave way!
Many French and Indians
had been killed by falling limbs of trees,
cut off by the overshooting of the British cannon.
Beaujeu and several other French officers fell,
but urged on by Dumas, Langlade and de Lignery,
their men took fresh heart
and returned to the trees and ravines.
Leaping to the roadside, Braddock hit several of his men
who hid behind trees, with the flat of his sword.
Gage begged, "Allow them to get behind,
and reform when the enemy is sighted,
or all will be killed!"
"Killed!" roared Braddock. "Why not?
"Better to die with naked front to foe
than blink and skulk like hares in their forms!
"Form platoons! Hunt the enemy!"
Washington advised beating the woods with bayonets.
He flushed at the stinging rebuke he received.
Braddock's blade spurred his horse to hurry the artillery.
A galling fire poured upon the flanks
of his ambushed men.
Their officers, distinguished by horses and uniforms,
were immediately sacrificed to the unseen foe.
Crowded together, they fired into the air,
and at their own men.
It became a horrible slaughter.
Maybe, Braddock could not have made a bayonet attack,
raked as his forces were
by a murderous fire and unseen foe
never sighted, during the three hours of combat.

Braddock's fifth horse was shot from under him.
Wounded in the right arm and lung,
he died a few hours later.
Washington took charge of the fallen General.
Carried in a tumbril,
he was buried in the middle of the road.
Horses and wagons passed over the spot,
to conceal the grave from the Indians.
Thus ended the life of a brave, unfortunate soldier.

A bullet found Sir Peter Halket's heart.
His son, James, rushed to catch him as he fell,
and he, too, was mortally wounded.
They fell together, locked in each other's arms.
Long after the battle, Captain West led an expedition
with young Major Halket, through the forest,
searching for the bodies of his father and brother.
Their skeletons were found
lying across the trunk of a fallen tree.
Many of the wounded had died of hunger,
looking for plantations.
Skulls and bones were scattered all over the ground,
indicating that some had been devoured by wild beasts.
The Indians pointed to a tree
where, on the ground covered by leaves,
they found one skeleton lying across the other.
The son was able to identify his father;
the bones of the father and son were buried together.
A Highland plaid was spread over the grave,
and they were interred with the customary honors.

At Fort Duquesne, after Braddock's defeat,
all hell had broken loose for a holiday.
Staggering under booty, the Indians were trucked out
in the gold-laced uniforms of officers,
silken sashes about their waists,
embroidered baldricks and silver gadgets
on their breasts.
With cavalry boots and painted heads,

under general's caps,
and with flags and standards trailed in the dirt,
they dragged two brass six-pounders.
Indians leaping like dancing dervishes
flourished swords and strings of bloody scalps.
They led British Regulars stripped entirely naked,
their hands tied behind their backs.
One side of their faces and bodies was painted black,
a sign they were intended for the stake and torture.
Sergeant MacPherson was in the lead.
Half of all the prisoners had been tomahawked
on the way,
the rest were doomed to a horrible death.
They were led down the beach of the Allegheny,
across in canoes to Smoky Island
opposite the Fort,
to suffer damnable rites that night.
Maddened by blood,
the pitiless demons demanded torture by fire.
Stakes were driven, and flames arose higher and higher,
and cast broad flares of vivid light across the water.
Dark stretches of somber woods
brought out, in strong relief,
the circles of swarthy, naked Indians
as they danced and howled around the flames.
Excitement grew over the weird scene.
Savage screams, leaping and grotesque contortions,
were followed by an awful pause.
Frantic painted Indians
brandished blood-red tomahawks
while the naked British Regulars
led by Sergeant MacPherson
were bound to stakes in full view of the French fort.
(Only Captain Beaujeu might have stopped it,
but he was dead).
Prisoners were baited about like bears tied to a stake,
forced to run on hot embers, and slashed with knives.
Live coals were pressed against quivering muscles.
Pine splinters soaked in fat were thrust into their flesh,

and fired to crackle under the skin.
Red-hot gun barrels were drawn across their bodies.
Scalding whisky was poured down burning throats.
Blazing brands were thrust into mouths and ears,
to wring an agonizing cry from the dying soldier.
His scalp was torn off,
and gunpowder poured on his palpitating brain.
Reserved for the last, with his hands tied above his head,
was the sweet Scotch singer, who regaled his fellows
the night before the battle
with the dulcet tones of "Annie Laurie."
The sharp, clear crack of a rifle found its mark.
The friendly bullet sped on its mission of mercy.
Sergeant MacPherson gave one leap,
and lay still in death.

In 1755, chaos reigned again on the border
between the Alleghenies and the Mississippi.
General Dunbar's retreat from Fort Cumberland
was more disastrous than Braddock's defeat.
It left a howling, desolate waste.
In 1756, the English colonel, John Armstrong,
led an expedition against the Delawares.
Chief Captain Jacobs and some others were killed.
In 1757, Captain Dumas succeeded Captain Beaujeu
at Fort Duquesne.
Captain M. deLignery relieved him,
reinforced by four hundred.
The French and Indians kept up their bloody slaughter.
Indians who had been friendly became hostile.
From New York to deep Virginia became a vast theatre
of wanton destruction and inhuman barbarities.
Chiefs Shingiss, Blackhoof, Killbuck and the Six Nations
leagued with the French were devastating the border.

General Forbes' Expedition

A second attempt to take Fort Duquesne was made
in 1758, by General John Forbes (the iron-headed).
The army was over six thousand strong.
One thousand three hundred were Highlanders,
and the rest were Pittsburgh and Virginia troops.
They met at Raystown, now Bedford,
under the command
of Colonel Henry Bouquet with the Huron expedition
joined by Guyasutha, chief of the Senecas,
and two thousand, to occupy Loyal Hanna.
General Forbes' army encamped at Turtle Creek,
and was advised by the Council of War to retreat,
as the provisions were exhausted.
The General, heartsick and though carried in a litter,
would not hear of retreating.

In 1758, Washington ran the greatest hazard of his life—
the British fired on his troops, killing thirty.
Washington went between fires
to throw up the muzzles of the guns with his sword.
This same year, he made his second visit to the Forks,
accompanied by the faithful Chief Scaroooyaddy.

A detachment of eight hundred under Major Grant
was attacked by the French from Fort Duquesne.
They flanked Grant's troops on both sides of the hill
(now Grant Street in the center of Pittsburgh).
Grant was saved by the stand of the Provincial troops.
Five prisoners were captured and burned at the stake;
others were tomahawked on the grounds of the Fort.

The Lake Indians went home,
believing the British were defeated.
The Delawares and Shawnees,
between Fort Duquesne and Beaver,
completed the demoralization of the French.
Their Indian allies were sick of war.
The next night an explosion of the magazine at the Fort
encouraged the English and Provincials to press on.

Forbes' army Provincials leading,
drums beating a lively march,
with the old "iron-headed" General in a litter,
were followed by the Royal American army,
and the Highlanders in kilts and plaids
(the petticoat warriors, as the Indians called them).
They passed the race track,
where stakes had been driven.
On each was the head of a Highlander,
killed in Grant's retreat.
Beneath each, his kilt and fighting equipment were laid.
At the sight, the Scots' with shrieks of rage,
dashed their muskets down,
and furiously brandishing claymores,
rushed madly to attack . . .

Outdistancing the Provincials,
the French, under de Lignery, fired buildings,
destroyed stores, blew up magazines,
and embarked in boats down the Ohio
and up the Allegheny.
The Fort was in flames!
The last boat of the flying French
disappeared in the mist around Smoky Island.
In the debris, gunpowder and carts of scalping knives
were found in the magazine that refused to fire.
In 1758, General Forbes took the ruins of Fort Duquesne,
and named the Forks of the Ohio, Pittsburgh,
in honor of William Pitt, the English statesman.
General Forbes left General Mercer
in charge of the small structure.
A scant force remained at the Fort,
others marched East.
A square stockade for two hundred men was built.
In 1759 it was replaced by Fort Pitt,
(A formidable fortification, built by General Stanwix.
It cost the British, sixty thousand pounds,
and was abandoned in 1772, by General Gage.)

BOUQUET'S VICTORY

In July of 1763, Bouquet met at Carlisle
with five hundred Indian chiefs and Highlanders.
The French had been burning farms and homes.
Forts Ligonier and Bedford were reinforced.
Bouquet's army reached Ligonier
and left the wagons there
proceeding to Turtle Creek near Bushy Run,
now Greensburg.
Here, his forces were attacked
by the Indians on the heights.
They were surrounded and dislodged
with a murderous hail of fire on front, flanks and rear,
making them retreat again and again.
The fighting grew fiercer and fiercer,
but the British were obstinate and tenacious.
It was life or death!
Darkness ended the strife that day.
The little army, with empty stomachs
and drooling with thirst,
were worn out from the sultry hours of fighting.
The whooping demons gave them no rest!
Many were killed!
The dead were dropping all around them!
The firing kept up till dawn, with a horrible din of yells.
Volley after volley came from every bush and tree!
The Indians disappeared to reappear from hideouts.
The British forces became faint and exhausted.
The savages redoubled their yells and led another attack.
The wounded and terrified horses rushed madly about.
all seemed lost . . . torture menaced . . .
Colonel Bouquet, in despair, tried out a stratagem:
he ordered two companies in the center
to fall back suddenly.
The Indians were caught in the trap!
Bouquet followed up with a furious bayonet charge!
The British flanks advanced
to cover the retreat of the center!

Grenadiers were in wait and met the screeching warriors!
The retreaters detoured
to burst on the Indian flanks with a volley of shot.
The savages faced the intrepid Highlanders,
who rushed in with cold steel!
The Indians could not stand the charge of bayonets,
they fled in a tumultuous mob!
Two companies followed them with volleys of musketry!
Four more companies joined to rout the Indians.
A terrible defeat for the British Army was averted!

Four days later, Bouquet's army reached Fort Pitt—
surrounded and besieged by Chief Pontiac's Indians.
Captain Ecuyer and the defenders were rescued!
It was the end of the siege!
Colonel Henry Bouquet's men and GUYASUTHA's braves
had won the French and Indian War.
A plaque engraved: "A.D. 1764, Col Henry Bouquet"
was placed on the front of Fort Pitt.
It was later removed to the City Hall of Pittsburgh.
In 1948, the City Council planned a Point State Park,
to beautify the historic Gateway Center,
and to commemorate Bouquet's victory,
where old Fort Pitt once stood.

References:

Old Fort Duquesne: or, Captain Jack, The Scout,
AN HISTORICAL NOVEL WITH COPIOUS NOTES,
BY

CHARLES MCKNIGHT

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SONNETS

AFTER THE STORM

I had a garden in a summer maze
Of vari-colored flowers, with hollyhocks
In pink and red rosettes, and four-o'clocks,
Roses and larkspur nodding in a daze;
And parasols of petals in a haze
Of goldenglow and marigolds; and box
In evergreen, beyond the purple phlox,
To hedge my paradise from public gaze.

A fountain fell and mirrored merrily
The love and laughter in my heart; but then
A cold and cruel wind blew over me
And left my garden barren as a fen,
A windswept waste for all the world to see,
With autumn near, too late to bloom again.

BOOKFELLOW FRIENDS

*(Dedicated to George Steele and
Flora Warren Seymour)*

You gave your minds and souls to bookly art,
And never counted sacrificial years,
Bringing to all, the treasures of your heart,
In letters, poetry and prose that cheers.
The days of life proved but a slender span,
Bridging the time you took from here to there.
You chose to walk alone, and slowly scan
The past and present vistas you could share.

Each one remains a well-remembered friend;
And George to Flora was an ideal mate,
Enjoying life together to the end.
They both fulfilled a helpful, happy fate—
A complement, each to the other one.
Farewell, Godspeed! now that their work is done.

CAPE FLORA

The lower road along Hyannis Bay
Is decked with miles of roses in July.
On cot and garden wall, they go their way,
To climb up over roofs to reach the sky.
An arching trellis frames an artist-dream:
A seascape, with a lighthouse on the rim
To warn all ships of hidden bars that seem
Quite harmless, veiled, and beautiful to limn.

The lemon lilies sway among the hedges,
To dance with ferns that gently wave their fronds
And nod at buds in pink, that crowd the edges
Where sunlit ripples gleam like diamonds.
The trumpet vine shows golden through green leaves
To blow again when corn is in the sheaves.

COME ALL YE FAITHFUL

Our voices rise in joyful roundelay,
Jesus is King! The chimes and carols peal,
To call out merrily the Christmas weal.
Magi and shepherds with the angels pray,
"Come all ye faithful!" lift your hearts today!
The Father sent His Son made man to heal
Our wounds, and by His word and deed reveal
Immortal life to those who go His way.

"Come all ye faithful!" to the holy place
In Bethlehem. A babe was born that night,
Not in a castle hall, nor drolled in lace,
But in a cattle barn. He brought delight
To rich and poor. Rejoice through Mary's grace!
The centuries proclaim the Savior's might.

CONFIDENTIALLY

Oh, do you wear a set of dentifrices?
They click, but I could not believe my ears;
But then, of course, your looks belie your years,
And that explains your adamantine kisses.
Your daughters, too, are now addressed as "Mrs."
That also points to toothless age, and queers
Belief you are as young as it appears.
No one would guess the handicap this is.

Try "prunes and prisms" to loosen up your lips.
Just put your dentures in your pocket, try it.
I did this once, but when I sat, they bit me.
I eat my steak and buns in little nips.
I dunk my toast in egg, and sometimes fry it.
It is so hard to get my teeth to fit me!

DEAR LITTLE NUN
(*To Mother M. Visitation*)
(*My Ursuline Teacher*)

The fragrance of the lily next your heart
Ascends like incense rising to your soul;
Your docile feet pursue no earthly goal,
Dear little nun, in sweet commune apart;
Your flight, celestial, guided by His chart
Through mystic aisles, takes heavenly wing the whole
Day long, envoy of love for Him who stole
Your virgin heart, and chose it from the start.

After a day well-spent at His behest,
Then basking in His love, content to rest
In convent cell all glorified and bright,
Tomorrow finds you set for further flight;
By grace of your dear Savior, you are blest
With wings that lift you up to greater height.

I MISS YOU

Today I came across your letters tied
Into a packet, with a bit of blue
And faded ribbon. Years ago you died,
But at the sight, my memories review
The days when you and I were young. Your smile,
Your look, my dear, and all the tender ways
You had to tell your love, return the while
I live again the joy of long-past days.

I put the letters back and hide the key,
My memories are laid away once more;
I try again to bring your face to me,
But bolt and lock have closed the open door.
Blue skies with birds and blooms of spring are here,
But how I miss you, oh, my dear, my dear.

IN THE GARDEN OF MY HEART

A corner in the garden of my heart
Cried out in loneliness. I planted there
A vine that promised roses at the start,
Each leaf responsive to my loving care.
In dreams, I saw the crimson riot creep
Until it covered up the garden wall.
Its cold gray stones were bare. They could but keep
The outside weeds from growing over all.

For years, the meager vine refused to grow,
And no rose bloomed; it might as well be dead!
I lost the hope that beauty can bestow,
And wished it were another vine instead.
One Spring, I found, I was not right at all—
The crimson Rambler covered up the wall.

JUNE ROSES

In frozen stems, June roses are concealed,
Until the swallow ventures on the wing;
Then from the chilling clod will be revealed
The hidden buds that wait the call of spring.
The piercing cold and howling wind give way
To melting zephyrs chasing frigid hours,
As night's dark grave sends forth the dove of day,
And petals fill their crystal cups with flowers.

Arbutus trails the crocus crowned with gold,
The fields are filled with songs of mating birds
And lambs will leap to life in every fold,
In joy of springtime, all too gay for words,
As on the frozen stems, the buds appear;
June roses, hidden there, will soon be here.

LATE CHRYSANTHEMUMS

Your bloom is late, too late to stir my heart.
All through the heat of summer I have thought,
Returning to your cloistered garden spot
Each day, to see a bud or blossom start;
But prim and stiff you held yourself apart
Until despair and disappointment fought
The fervent faith and hope I had been taught,
And nonchalantly let them both depart.

Then after they had gone, when days were cold,
My heart had long forgotten how it sang,
And I no longer looked for flowers to bloom,
Nor cared at all, if from the sluggish mold
A bud might start—came blossoms to perfume
The barren garden with their acrid tang.

MEMORIES

Stay gleaming, memories, when I am old,
A solace for my heart when new friends tire,
And I sit here alone beside the fire;
Then let me feel again fond arms enfold—
Your lips pressed tenderly, with love untold,
That never needed telling when desire
Called to its own, nor wanted to inquire
For pledges, with your eager arms to hold.

Still gleam, dear memories of past delight,
When evening tapers tint the afterglow
Of twilight, and the day is nearly gone;
Be stars of faith to spangle the dark night,
And lend your radiance to the earth below,
To promise me renewal with the dawn.

MY SANCTUARY

Our deathless love provides a secret stair
That leads to spacious vistas of great peace;
Beyond the rising, I can find release
Within my sanctuary from despair.
It seeks in vain, but never finds me there;
For lost in thought of you, all tortures cease
And memories return but to increase
The glow of golden days remote from care.

A love like ours will live beyond the years,
And time can but enhance its radiant charms;
For though you are not here to calm my fears,
I know that you will shield me from alarms,
And when the iron of misfortune sears,
I seek the sanctuary of your arms.

UNBOUND

Is there in everyone a self, unknown
To dearest friend, sweetheart or even mate,
With whom the highest aspirations wait
For time and place to set them free? To moan,
Pregnant and charged by fate, to be alone
Until set free to fly with wings elate
To some far place, to sing outside the gate
Of life until it opens to its own?

For every soul seems bound and held apart
To work out for itself a destiny
Undreamed by those who nearest to the heart
Sometimes are blind and foreign to its art—
But once unbound, to fly unfalteringly
To that far peak where all the world may see.

PITTSBURGH

Huge city lying crumpled in the night,
In wooded vales and drifts of broken hills;
Your peaceful boroughs, manors, farms and mills
Nestle among the trees, like birds in flight.
Here, canopied by clouds of lurid light
Above hot furnaces, man's toil distills
The liquid ore that feeds yet never stills
The steel-ribbed city's growing appetite.

Here cauldrons boiling night and day have wrought
With writhing brawn a monument to man;
Here steel and iron altars mount the skies;
The Lord of Labor weds with Lady Thought;
The torch of Learning lights the arching span,
And orisons from towering temples rise.

Tall chimneys walk in zigzag files that throng
A clouded sky. The river winds its way
And mirrors mounting drifts that dim the day—
The fires of flaming bessimers prolong.
At night, bleared lamps of Labor tend the song
Of steel on steel. The morning draped in gray
Stands monitor before a fresh array
Of toilers waiting for the clanging gong.

A dream of progress visioned by our age,
Evolved from master-minds of Industry
And marshalled Labor working day and night,
Is now enacted on the Titan stage
Of earth, through space and on the land and sea,
By Pittsburgh, Iron City's giant might.

THE ATOM'S MIGHT

A chalice holds the wine of life that time
Has charged, until the bubbling beads create
Elixir rising to the brim; then Hate
And Fury, sons of Sin, are hatched in slime.
They shut out God and all that is sublime,
Divide the atom to annihilate
All creatures on the earth, and violate
Our peaceful homes with science lent to crime.

The ruddy wine is spilt—elixir lost,
The crimson color stains communion-white;
And though we would, we cannot know the cost
Of vintage crushed beneath the atom's might,
Nor gather up again one pearl whose frost
Adorned the glass and glistened in the light.

THE CROSS OF PEACE

The brave through all the ages past have borne
The Cross of Peace at home and over seas;
Their weary feet still climb to Calvaries;
Christ-like, they are deserted and forlorn.
They give full meed of blood and brain, and shorn
Of health and wealth, accept the acrid lees,
To offer life itself, if dying frees
Our land to rise in peace on Easter morn.

But ideals for which they die still live today,
For when the sky is clear, the sun will rise
Above a newborn world of kindred men.
The progress of mankind goes on its way—
It marches under the eternal skies,
With shoulders bowed beneath the Cross again.

THE DOOR OF DAWN

Shall I awake from the dark night of death
To float upon a sea of dreams, or sink
Beneath the towering waves that take my breath
Compelling me by force and fate to drink?
Shall I escape the brackish draft, emerge
To rise and live upon another isle,
And use my brain again with primal urge,
Or sleep beneath the lethal wave awhile?

Though night be dark, my courage does not die,
The door of dawn swings open to the day;
The sun comes forth from clouds that ride the sky
To shine in glory, driving fear away;
As rising from the depth beneath the sea,
Encircling arms of love reach up to me.

THE HOUNDS OF HEAVEN ARE BAYING

The dogs of war have broken leash today,
The peaceful byways of the world are blocked;
For justice and the words of Christ are mocked
By human hate! The hounds of heaven bay!
Brute-force and jungle-laws unite to sway
The mob to anarchy. The earth is rocked
By rabid communistic nations flocked
Against our allied ranks in armed array.

Although the millions fail or fall in war,
Defending rights of faith and hearth for man,
Ideals do not die, they will survive—
Eternal, as divine intentions are,
They were before this life on earth began—
Immortal verities for which to strive.

THE TRAIL THAT MEETS THE SKY

We do not travel on, beyond the place
The hands of time are set for us to reach,
And though we are as free as air, the pace
Was timed at birth, before the start, for each.
An ever-present angel points the way,
Admonishing, to speed us to the goal,
And ever faster, as the light of day
Fades from our view in sunset's golden bowl.

There is a trail beyond that meets the sky,
The course goes on until it mounts the top.
In spite of failing eyes, as years go by,
We see the hands of time that signal "Stop!"
The same that set the swallow's flight in fall,
With wings all spread to fly at one lone call.

THE VACANT MANSION

A rich man built a bayside mansion here,
And decked it with rare treasures culled from art.
They will return to dust and disappear,
As old man Time outlives a mortal heart.
The perfume of a garden fills the place,
And seats in shade, beneath a dome of blue,
Invite to rest where sea-foam patterns lace
Upon a beach with sands of golden hue.

Today, the vacant mansion coldly waits,
With rooms and beds enough to sleep a crew,
But not a soul is housed within the gates.
The rich man left its beauty for the few,
While men still pray for mansions without locks,
Whose doors will open when a poor man knocks.

WINGS, SOMEDAY

Beneath the lily-pads of golden yellows,
A water-mite awoke and saw the blue
Of heaven mirrored in a lake. He grew
And strove to swim and play among his fellows.
Then in the lapses of a life that mellows,
He longed for wings to fly, until he flew
Out of the reef-encircled pond, and knew
That all his former life had been in shallows.

His wings were golden in the azure sky.
He preened them as he basked upon a leaf
And sang in sunny weather, wondering why
The many mites imprisoned by the reef
Should miss his presence and be filled with grief,
Nor know that with the dawn, they, too, would fly.

YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN

You have forgotten Arcady, the land
Where once you lingered long enough to woo
The fragrant dreams that flowered with the dew
Of happiness. Desire, with tender hand
And deft persistence one could not withstand,
Wove gala garlands of the carmine hue,
To plead with loneliness and meekly sue
A solemn promise with symbolic band,
Prerogative of woman loved and wooed.
Now toll the bell, bend low and kiss the rood,
For you have long forgotten how you spread
A rug of roses for her feet to tread
The road to Arcady. Now solitude
And thorns are there, the carmine flowers are dead.

LYRICS

COCO

I have a tiny pup called Coco,
A golden Pom with great brown eyes.
At sight of me he just goes loco—
Lies down upon his back and sighs
Until I rub his chest, and then
He gets up on his little legs,
And pleading eyes tell me again,
“Dear One, I love you so!” He begs
And barks to have his daily run,
Then stops and sniffs and leaps with joy
And nips the nosy pups in fun,
Because he is a naughty boy.

FOR A DAY

The Candle sputters
And burns low;
The light grows dim,
It is time to go.

It served its purpose,
Though now spent.
The glow was rosy
Before it went.

It gave a glimmer
All the way,
And did its duty
For a day.

HE SENT ME DAISIES

With visions of hollyhocks, rank upon rank,
Vivid colors assorted, of pink, white and red,
I sowed myriad seeds, in the Fall, on a bank,
And waited for springtime to view my flower bed.

When April had flown, May followed in flight,
Not even a seedling had lifted its head;
But one morning in June, the garden was white—
Invisible hands had grown daisies instead.

But I wanted hollyhocks, pink, white and red,
On a bank in my garden of New England sands,
And He sent me drifts of white daisies instead—
A magical gift from invisible hands.

Each one with a golden heart, eager to grow,
In spite of the wind, the sand and the snow.

I DREAMED

Your lips met mine once more
Inviting my embrace,
As many times before
At sight of your dear face.

When for eternity
Your love will claim its own,
My dream of joy will be
Too real to wake alone.

JUST ONE OF HIM

A man who had too much of everything,
Once found he had no use for anything.

He had so many spots to rest his feet,
In clubs or homes, and places he could eat,

In yachts and trains, East, West or North and South,
He could not do them justice with one mouth.

In all the beds, just one of him could sleep,
While those who had no beds were left to weep.

And then at last, when he lay down and died,
Six feet of earth were found where he must bide.

ONE LITTLE WORD

Places now hallowed by memory only
Now echo "Gone" to one who is lonely.

One little word, loudly articulate,
"Gone, you are gone," leaving me desolate.

One little word pregnant with sorrow,
How can you bear the weight that you borrow?

Poignant with grief, loudly articulate,
One little word, but it means I am desolate.

One little word, but it sounds like the thunder
Tearing the fabric of two lives asunder,

Striking with flaming forks, to always reverberate,
"Oh, I am desolate, desolate, desolate."

THE POET

The poet ever speaks his mind in rhythmic course,
As running water seeks the level of a source,

Vibrating through the range of song, as music floats
In cadences of changing rhyme or ringing notes,

But never rising higher than a vision keen
For voices heard and fire kindled, beauty seen,

Evoking syllables that wake the magic spell
Of song, in canticles that wing from heaven to hell.

UNSEEN

Some morning, I shall not awake
To hear the singing of the birds.
You may not hear, yet I may take
Unseen, a part not told in words,
Where someone labors all unsung,
To whisper to his listening ear
A rhyme or rhythm of the tongue
To voice his urgent hope or fear;
And all I learn of muse or song,
To tell to one who would begin,
Perchance to help a lad along
Who learned still less, but listens in.

AS BUD TO LEAF AGAIN

I was lighter than the air,
 but still I could not move;
although I was aware
 of failing breath, to prove
I was alive; and I
 could tell my shedding sheath
was leaving me to die;
 yet I was still beneath.

I had always thought to yield
 my body here, and go
away to some far field;
 but I found it was not so.
It was my body went,
 not I; just as a leaf
breaks loose and then all spent,
 lets go and feels no grief.

Just as the bud remained,
 so I was living still;
and all I ever gained
 I had but to fulfill.
as bud to leaf again
 will find what new life brings;
and though not one with men,
 I, too, shall spread my wings.

AT THE CAPE

We drove from Harwichport to Chatham
Under azure skies
To see the shoreline panorama
And delight our eager eyes.

A lighthouse stands on the horizon
Along the outer rim,
With pastel waters gleaming bright
Between the bars to limn.

Beyond a field of lemon lilies,
As far as you can gaze,
The phlox in flaming pink is dancing
Along the waterways.

Green plumes of ferns in swaying fringes
Are gently waving fronds
And nodding to the sunlit ripples
Beset with diamonds.

The roses creep along the fences,
Blooming all July,
Climbing over cottages
To reach up to the sky.

The trumpet vines that follow after
Blow golden through their leaves;
While far away, on the Atlantic,
An ocean liner heaves.

HE COULD PROPHECY

One need not be a prophet should he prophesy
A yellow caterpillar will be a butterfly,

Or a humble maggot that eats a piece of cloth
Will weave a silken casket and be a little moth,

Or a progeny of locusts that burrow underground,
In seventeen more years will fly for miles around.

If one were an Isaiah who viewed us from on high,
From his fine point of vantage, he might prophesy

To tell of a millennium of peace upon the earth,
When "isms" are discarded, as each, in his rebirth,

Will find his soul's salvation in serving day by day
And loving one another in the Master's way.

I SPY

I put a pen or pencil down,
To use it by and by,
But when I need it, presently,
It makes me play "I spy."

They say things do not move themselves,
And yet this very day,
I stooped to pick my slippers up,
And they had moved away.

I now possess three fountain pens,
My fingers are a sight!
The tricky things are always dry,
Just when I start to write.

My scissors, too, can slip away,
No matter where they are put.
They are the slickest motorists,
Yet never move a foot.

The secret of perpetual motion
Should not be hard to solve,
When all inanimates, it seems,
Have insides that revolve.

MY CHERRY TREE

Laden with blooms of early spring,
Your ebon arms are offering

A glimpse of heaven, to my sight,
Through orchid veils of opal light.

Your fragrant perfume permeates
The twilight hour as evening waits,

Inviting former friends to rest,
To come and build a downy nest.

Where blossoms fall like swirling snow,
Their mates will come where cherries grow.

What if tomorrow's petals fall?
The birds on jewelled boughs will call,

And they will trill where all was mute,
And fleeting loveliness bore fruit.

What though the winter days were drear?
Remembering summer vanquished fear.

IN KOREA

Machine guns belch venom
At Marines in the ranks.
Some shiver in foxholes,
While flame-throwing tanks
Lumber toward pillboxes
Across gun-raked clay,
Where doughboys in broken waves
Surge on to slay
The Reds in Korea.

Ambulance drivers
On roads of red mud,
With eyes blurred and glazed
And lips drained of blood,
Grit their teeth and top bumps,
Amid smoke and rain
And the screams of the dying
Who were with the slain,
And died in Korea.

The dead under ponchos
Will lie very still
Where Pusan's white crosses
Dot the side of a hill:
Beneath six feet of clay,
In this lonely spot,
They buried the doughboys,
Where they bravely fought
For us in Korea.

SEASCAPES

From Harwichport to Chatham, beneath a summer sky,
the seascapes and the landscapes delight the artist's-
eye:

A lighthouse on the shore line, that he would like to
limn,
beyond the Bars, and inland, on the ocean rim,

The crystal lakes and beaches where boys and girls at play
can dig for clams or oysters, or sail Hyannis Bay,

And fields of lemon lilies, as far as you can gaze,
where wild pink phlox is dancing along the waterways.

The swaying ferns in fringes are gently waving fronds
and nodding to the ripples beset with diamonds.

Along the Chatham sandbars, the rainbow waters run
in pastel tinted shallows that shimmer in the sun,

A lighthouse marks the place where the Pilgrims ven-
tured forth
to find a friendly harbor in Provincetown up North . . .

Then forward to Orleans where the roses of July
climb over all the cottages, to reach up to the sky,

And trumpet vines are golden, just blowing through
their leaves . . .
as far off on the sky line, an ocean liner heaves . . .

Away to South Atlantic . . . New York to China Sea . . .
he follows on in spirit as far as he can see.

THE SULTAN'S JEST

(This is Revised from a poem by Manly Tello)

A slave who watched the Sultan's gate,
By some odd freak or chance of fate,
In face and form was like his Lord;
His manners, too, were in accord.
The Sultan loved to have his jest,
To fool a friend who was his guest;
So this is what the Sultan planned:
Exchanging clothes, at his command,
The slave in silk and gems was crowned,
The Sultan donned the rags, and clowned.
The slave then sat upon the throne,
The real Sultan passed unknown,
And bowing low, the nobles gave
Their humble homage to the slave.
The real Sultan laughed with glee,
He laughed till he could hardly see.
The false one's eyes were flashing fire,
He shook with rage and roared with ire.
"Who is this noisy fool?" he said,
"Arrest him, and remove his head!"
The real Sultan's head was off
Before he had a chance to scoff.
The court was fooled, and from that hour,
The slave, as Sultan, was in power,

WHEN SUMMER WAS GONE

(From Home To Home by Manly Tello)

When the swallows built in early spring,
And roses were red in June,
And winds were blowing the yellow wheat
In the heat of August noon,
Then the swallows were full of glad content,
In the hope of their northern nest,
Were sure that the land they tarried in,
Of all other lands, was best.

If they had heard in those dear days
The voice they must heed say "Go,"
They had left their nests with keen regret,
And their flight had been sad and slow.
When summer was gone, and the flowers were dead,
And the brown leaves fell with a sigh,
And the sun was setting every day
Far down in the northern sky,

Then the voice was sweet that bade them "Go,"
And eager for southern flight,
They beat their wings to a newborn hope,
And flew in the morning light.
If the way was long, yet the way was glad,
It brighter and brighter grew,
As they dipped their wings in the glowing heat
And still to the southward flew.

Till they found the land of the summer sun,
The land where the nightingale sings,
And joyfully rested amid rose and song
Their beautiful weary wings.

WHIPS OF DESTINY

Scourged on our way by whips of destiny,
We venture forth on life with bated breath
To follow up the urge to live and be,
That bears us on our way to certain death.

Like salmon that go up the stream to die,
We breast the current, leaping waterfalls,
Impelled by hope and faith to seek, we sigh
To listen to the siren-voice that calls.

For like an arrow, one can make his aim,
Another fails, no matter what he wills.
The victory may kill though it win fame,
And others live to drain the glass it fills.

And though it draws him as the moth to flame,
The very height for which he yearns with sighs,
Achieved at last, may never bring acclaim,
Although he strive and strive until he dies.

Scourged on by whips of destiny to burn
Creating life, each one fulfills his fate;
Borne on the current, he cannot return,
Or live to learn that wisdom came too late,

SONG LYRICS

COME WITH ME TO THE LAND

Out of the azure sky
Into the world of men,
I shall find wings to fly
Seeking my love again.

I wait on my bright star.
From Heaven above, I woo.
The gates will be ajar,
Till I come back for you.

Come with me to the land,
I long to see your smile.
Mine by Divine command,
Seek me in that far isle.

Come with me to the land,
For you my star will shine.
Time cannot break the band
That binds your heart to mine.

DEARLY BELOVED

(Soliloquy)

Oh, my beloved, can you look at these flowers.
Larkspur, pink roses and maidenhair fern?
You always loved beauty. Fresh from her bowers:
Larkspur, then roses, each one in turn,
In a ribbon-tied basket matching the blue,
Carries a message of my love to you.

Coaxing a smile, my beloved, to your face,
Not telling of tears for a life so brief.
Larkspur and roses in exquisite grace,
Friendship and love overshadowing grief:
With a rose on each stem, the thorns in my heart,
You shall not see the trembling tear start.

Dearly beloved, how can I give you
To One who loves you, even as I?
Dearly beloved, I must not grieve you,
Now that you leave me and whisper, "Goodbye!"
In my ribbon-tied basket matching the blue,
There is a message of my love for you,
With a rose on each stem, the thorns in my heart,
You shall not see the trembling tear start.

GOING HOME

Going home! Going home!
On the river flowing home.
We came complaining, came protesting
With a feeble cry,
Returning, borne upon the river flowing
Homeward, homeward, home.
Breathing at last a parting sigh:
Going home! Going home!

We live this life on earth
For higher, fuller living,
To go from what we know
To keener, clearer knowing;
We meet our loves again
For greater, truer loving,
And find our long lost home
Where we are going.

Going home! Going home!
On the river flowing home.
We came complaining, came protesting
With a feeble cry,
Returning, borne upon the river flowing
Homeward, homeward, home.
Breathing at last a parting sigh:
Going home! Going home!

HE IS RISEN, CHRIST IS KING!

(Easter Hymn)

Through all the ages rolling on,
Now while the nations writhe in pain,
Thy clarion word is heard anon,
We sing again the glad refrain:
He is risen, Christ is King!

The souls enchained and bound to earth
At last will burst their bonds in twain,
And lift their hearts in faith's rebirth
To listen to the glad refrain:
He is risen, Christ is King!

All those who hunger, thirst and die,
The armies lying with the slain,
At last, with Thee, will time defy
And wake to hear the glad refrain:
He is risen, Christ is King!

Envoi: He is risen, Christ is King!
As Christ arose, so we shall rise
To be with Him in Paradise.
The Son of God died not in vain,
For still we sing the glad refrain:
He is risen, Christ is King!
We sing our Easter song again,
He is risen, Christ is King!

I LOVE MY PENNSYLVANIA STATE

(School Song)

I love my Pennsylvania State, the garden of the hills,
Where wildwood flowers come to bloom beside the busy
mills .
The wayside farm, the woody nook, the red barn rising
where
It hides among the flowering vines adorning bowers
there.

The willows weep, the birches bend like fawns penned
in a park,
And oaks put up green parasols to keep the woodland
dark.
My Pennsylvania, I love you, and your refreshing rain
That makes the sleeping plain produce its field of golden
grain.

Chorus:

I love my Pennsylvania State with all its varied charm
Of mountain glade and forest shade and cultivated farm;
Where fires of mart and mill are lit, the soil is rich in ore,
And coal and oil and gas and iron are found at each
man's door.
Your winter sky is tempered by the great, white clouds of
snow
To cool the thirsty, waiting earth and make a garden
grow.
Fair land, where deeds of loyal sons have made our coun-
try great,
The keystone of the nation and my Pennsylvania State.

I PRAY TO GOD

(A Soldier's Prayer)

I want to live, I want to share
Our blessings here with over there;
I pray to God to keep the peace,
And lead us on till all wars cease.

When on the land, I fight the foe,
I pray to God before I go;
When in the air, I ride the sky
I pray to God to let me fly.

When on the sea, I ride each wave,
I pray to God for grace to save,
As from the deep beneath the sea,
The arms of hate reach up to me.

Upon the land or flying high,
On stormy sea or in the sky,
I pray to God to keep us free,
And lead us on to Victory.

LONELY HOMING ALL ALONE

Lonely, homing all alone,
Still for you I sigh,
Over leagues of moonlight ocean
Wandering till I die.

Lonely, homing without you,
Under starlit sky,
Seeking homes where we have nested,
Loving you, I sigh.

Lonely, homing without you,
Flying ever higher,
Shall I find no friendly heaven
Port of love's desire?

Lonely, homing, all alone,
Longing night and day,
Coming nearer, ever nearer,
Homing all the way.

ONLY TONIGHT

Take me back home for only tonight,
Dearest, my own, to treasure and guide.
Live in my dreams, again, my delight;
In your fond arms, dear, I will confide.

Sing me a song before you take flight,
Give me a smile, again by your side,
Take me back home for only tonight,
Borne on the storm and tossed by the tide.

Take me back home for only tonight,
Knowing when near you bliss undenied,
Carried along by you to the height.
Take me back home for only tonight!

Lonely and sad, in vain I have cried,
"Come to me, darling, gladden my sight."
Through the lost years, for long I have sighed:
"Take me back home for only tonight."

STEP SOFTLY, MY LOVE

For you I have woven my heavenly dreams,
 Into garlands of heartsease to lay at your feet.
Remember, step softly, for these are the dreams
 I so tenderly garnered to lay at your feet.

Remember, step softly, for these are the dreams
 I have made into garlands to gladden your sight.
My wonderful one, be mine in my dreams,
 I will cherish your love in my heart day and night.

Step softly, my love, on the flowers at your feet,
 There are roses for you in my garden of dreams,
Remember step softly, for these are my dreams
 I made into garlands to lay at your feet,
One glance from your eyes with their windflower blue
Will make all of my wonderful dreams come true.
So, remember, step softly, for these are my dreams,
 My beautiful, beautiful, garden of dreams.

THE BELLS OF HOMELAND

The bells of my homeland are heard far and near,
 Their melody floats on the clouds in the sky.
Their harmony drifts till it reaches my ear,
 And lifts up my heart on wings that would fly.

At daylight and noon and at twilight, the tone
 Of carillons ringing, remind me of prayer
And Angelus bells in the land once my own
 Where loved ones await me wherever I fare.

The bells of my homeland recall my fond loves—
 My mother and father, the children and all
The dear ones I treasure, my own turtledoves—
 The music of homeland, I love to recall.

WATCH WITH ME

In Your Gethsemane,
Dear Lord, You pleading said:
"Could he not watch with me?"

In dire anxiety
And dreary hours of night,
O will You watch with me?

Will You not lovingly
Enfold me when I come,
And watch and wait for me?

In hours of agony,
Dear Lord, I shall not fear,
For you will watch with me.

In my Gethsemane,
I do not fear my fate,
For You will watch with me.

WHEN EVENING COMES

When evening comes, and day is done,
I sigh to be in your arms,
As the dove comes home on wending wings
To the nest that summer warms.

When evening comes, I long for you,
As twilight follows the day,
And the dove returns on eager wings
To its cote in vernal May.

When evening comes, and darkness falls,
I long to come to you, then,
As the dove, alone on weary wings,
Comes to rest at home again.

BLANK VERSE

MOONLIGHT ON HYANNIS BAY

(The Man in the Moon Takes a Ride)

I stood in the shadow of night,
 where the sea rushes on to the shore,
 and the waves like white-maned steeds
 dashed galloping on to the sand.
The steeds were guided by reins
 converging in the sky.
There I saw the Man in the Moon,
 high up in a cellophane coach.
He was driving his stallions hard
 over the sea and the land,
 as he perched in his coach in the sky.

The silvery reins diverged
 from driver to flashing manes.
I heard the floundering hoofs
 as they galloped into the night.
“Giddap!” re-echoed the waves,
 as the steeds dashed through the foam
 shaking their snow-white manes.
Then, I heard their prancing hoofs,
 as they scrambled onto the sand
 and vanished into the night.
The Man in the Moon drove on,
 perched high in his cellophane coach.

PEACE ON EARTH GOOD WILL TO MEN

The chosen souls,
With self submerged,
Have borne the cross of Peace
Throughout the centuries.
Their weary limbs march on.
Their bleeding feet have stained
The road to Calvary.
They bore the cruel blows,
They fell, to rise again,
And died, defending Peace.

Ideals for which they fought
Live on and never die.
Someday the skies will clear,
Someday the sun will rise
Above a newborn people.
The progress of mankind
Goes on its way,
Ideals do not die:
"Peace on earth,
Good will to men."

FREE VERSE

IT WAS V-E DAY ON OKINAWA

A flame-throwing tank lumbered toward a pillbox,
a machine gun spat viciously,
men shivered in foxholes half-filled with water,
a young Marine's voice rang out in the night:
"Oh, God! I can't stand it!"

It was V-E day on Okinawa,
an ambulance skidded on roads of red mud;
the eyes of the driver were glazed.

He gritted his teeth
and bit his white lips,
while by the wayside,
the wounded lay dying.

It was V-E day on Okinawa,
two boys crouched behind a jutting rock,
one raised himself to fire,
his rifle clattered, as he tumbled back,
the red blood gushing from his breast.

It was V-E day on Okinawa,
an officer sat staring at the clay floor in his tent,
a lieutenant plastered with mud stood awkwardly by,
"I was with him, Sir, when he died.

He was a good Marine, Sir!"

The officer looked up and said:

"He was my only son."

It was V-E day on Okinawa,

ON PITTSBURGH HILLS

As twilight falls on Pittsburgh hills,
A fairy vision comes and goes
Through screens of April rain.
A statue stands in Schenley Park
And sees the scene unfold:
A group of buildings loom in mist,
Their ghostly grandeur veiled in gray.
The glowing lights through opal globes
Illumine broad avenues
That wind and glisten like a lake,
With mirrored gleaming orbs
Of autos fleeing from the fog.
The Library, St. Paul's twin spires,
Tech School, the Monument, the Mosque,
Block out their bulky forms,
Dark gray, mysterious and vast,
To fade beneath the dense, gray veil
That drapes the city while it sleeps.

THERE ARE TEARS IN YOUR EYES

"There are tears in your eyes! Dry them quickly!"

Alarm in his voice, lest the stranger
Might pryingly wonder the reason,
No thought of the anguish that caused them.

"There are tears in your eyes! Pray conceal them!"

The depth of the pain that tormented
Her throat in a vice-like constriction
Concerned not the man who had won her,

To weary so soon of his conquest—

More to him was the thought of the stranger
Than the grief of the girl he had tired of,

"There are tears in your eyes! Quick! Conceal them!"

Concealed were the tears from the stranger,

Who might pryingly wonder the reason,
But the steel in the heart of the weeper
Sank deeper and deeper and deeper.

THE SET OF THE SAILS

This is a legend of long, long ago:
in Bethlehem, the night the infant Jesus was born,
a fisherman took his catch to sell at an Inn.
He met the shepherds coming from the hills.
They had heard angel voices telling them
to follow a bright star and
to seek the newborn King of the Jews.
The Star shone over a stable
where the child Jesus lay in a manger.
Angels knelt to adore Him with the kine and the sheep.
Three great Kings came offering rich gifts.
The fisherman humbly gave the fish saved for himself.

Several days later,
he heard the voice of an angel
directing him to three travelers.
He saw Saint Joseph leading a donkey
bearing the Mother Mary and the Child Jesus.
They were fleeing from Herod,
the King of the Jews, who wanted to kill Jesus,
the newborn King.
The fisherman offered to hide the Holy Family
in a cove on a lake where his boat lay concealed.
Danger past, they sailed before the rising wind,
and the fisherman landed them on the road to Egypt.
When they parted, Joseph and Mary thanked him.
He bowed reverently and said,
"I am glad to serve my Lord and Master.
It was not I, but He
who governs the winds and *The Set of the Sails*."

THE WATCHMAN IN HIS TOWER

The Victor rides today
Through trails of bloody dust;
Looking back, he asks:
"Watchman, what of the night?"
A voice replies:
"O man of yesterday,
What have you wrought?
Has love of mammon grown
Till you forgot your God,
Worship the golden calf
And batten on your brother?
Rob him of his faith,
Set Cain at Abel's throat
And sell yourself for gold,
As Esau did, for pottage?
The Watchman in His tower
'Slumbers not nor sleeps.'
He bids you 'Ride today!
Ride on, and find you brother! ' "

THE WORLD GOES BY

I have quaffed the gall and vinegar,
 The dregs within the cup,
The bitter, bitter, dregs within the cup.
 I have cried out in my anguish,
 And no one heard my cry
As I quaffed the bitter dregs within the cup.
 I yielded up my spirit, and no one heard my cry.
 The night is strangely lonesome for one about to die.
 I have quaffed the gall and vinegar
 And bid the world go by.

So now that I am desolate and nailed to the cross,
So desolate and nailed to the cross,
 I know how lonely one can be
 When all the world goes by,
As they did when You were nailed to the cross.
 Into Your hands, O Lord, my spirit I commend,
 For my bones have turned to water,
 Yet my heart now yearns to send
 A plea for all the desolate.
A sword has pierced my heart, and I am helpless now.
I call on You, yes, I am helpless now.
 I yield my will to Yours, and humbly bow my head,
For well I know that I am helpless now.
 With an empty, empty heart
 And an empty, empty head,
 I am lost, but you will find me,
 Though my setting sun be red,
For the shaft once pierced Your side, and Your heart bled.

SHELLEY CINQUAIN

SORROW

To all the glorious Spring,
Sorrow leaves me blind.
I was wont to sing,
But song is hard to find
When loss and loneliness
are portals of the mind.

Hope and joy have fled,
Left but memory.
Beauty offers bread,
Flat and stale to me
And salted by my tears
for what can never be.

Sorrow makes me dumb,
I must try to pray.
Though my heart be numb,
I must live today
And find my solace following
the Savior's way.

HOKKUS

THREE SCORE AND TEN

The candle sputters
And burns low, the light grows dim,
It is time to go.

THE MEAGER VINE

Only leaves would cling,
I looked no more for roses,
But they came in Spring.

THE CHERRY TREE

Petals fall like snow,
Yet buds remain, and birds call
Where cherries grow.

THE PRIMROSE PATH

The going was gay,
But darkness overtook us
Before we reached home.

HIDDEN ROSES

The roses of June
Were hidden in the frozen stems
Of the buds of March.

QUATRAINS

RELEASE

His wings were golden in the azure sky.
He sang in sunny weather, wondering why
The other mites imprisoned by the reef
Should miss his presence and be filled with grief.

MEMORIES

Stay gleaming, memories of past delight,
When evening tapers pierce the afterglow;
Be stars of faith to spangle falling night,
And lend your radiance to the earth below.

COME WHERE CHERRIES GROW

What though the cherry blossoms fall
And petals flit like melting snow?
Frow jewelled boughs, the birds will call,
Their mates will come where cherries grow.

IMMORTAL VICTORIES

Ideals do not die, they will survive,
Eternal, as Divine intentions are:
The brave have fought and died to win through war
Immortal victories for which we strive.

A LITTLE WHILE

Hope on and bid your soul
look up and wait a little while;
He guides your bark to seas
where you will find a happy isle.
He holds your share of joy for you,
and though the night be dark,
The day will bring the dawn of peace
to wake the singing lark!

THE POET EVER SPEAKS HIS MIND

The poet ever speaks his mind in rhythmic course,
As running water seeks the level of a source,
But never rising higher than a vision, keen
For voices heard and fire kindled, beauty seen.

SPILT WINE

For though we would, we cannot know the cost
Of vintage crushed beneath the heel of might,
Nor gather up again one pearl, whose frost
Adorned the glass and glistened in the light.

TIRED EYES THAT LOOK AWAY

The moon was made for youth and love
When life was gay,
But sleep was lent for tired eyes
That look away.

LAMPS OF LABOR

Tall chimneys walk in grim parade along
A lurid sky, while rivers wind their way
And mirror changing clouds that dim the day,
Till lamps of labor light the working throng.

POETRY

As running water seeks
A level as it rises,
The poet taps the peaks
Of song, his soul surprises.

RISPETTO

THE WINGS OF THE SPIRIT

On the wings of the spirit, he flew away,
His mate in the nest sang of love and the spring.
But he saw the storm-king coming to slay—
She cuddled her young, sang of worms he would bring.

From the top of the tree, he scanned the dark sky,
Then he called to his neighbors and warned them to fly.

While his mate snuggled down and sang to her nest,
He sang out to the world. "Which song was the best?"

SONNETTES

BREASTING THE CURRENT

Breasting the current, leaping waterfalls,
We travel up, not down the stream, to die.
Impelled by hope and faith to seek, we sigh
To dally near the siren voice that calls.

We follow up the urge to live and be,
And venture forth on life with one sharp cry,
Scourged on our way by whips of destiny.

HOMEWARD

We leave this life on earth for fuller living,
To go from what we know to clearer knowing,
To greet dear ones again for greater giving,
And find a long-lost home where we are going.

We came protesting with a feeble cry,
Returning, borne upon the river flowing
Homeward, we breathe at last a parting sigh.

RONDEAU

I WALK ALONE

I walk alone now I am old,
Though once fond arms were wont to fold
 Me close, when I was young and fair,
 Today not one is left to care
Because my gray has lost its gold.

I hoped to have your arm to hold,
But you have lain long in the wold.
 In dreams we stroll the garden where
 I walk alone.

I find the world so very cold,
Remembering your love, not doled,
 For we were young, and you were there,
 And we found happiness to share;
But since the day the church bells tolled,
I walk alone.

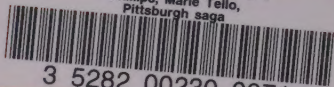
TRIOLET

REMEMBER, STEP SOFTLY

Remember, step softly, for these are my dreams,
That are woven of heartsease to lay at your feet.
I send you these garlands while each of them gleams.
Remember, step softly, for these are my dreams,
And though they may die, yet each of them beams
With a prayer to you to make your heart-beat.
Remember, step softly, for these are my dreams,
That are woven of heartsease to lay at your feet.

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